Chapter 12: DOG

TA-DOOM

WE'VE STOLEN TONS OF BOOTY, AND OUR NAME BRINGS TERROR TO ALL WHO HEAR IT!

LISTEN UP, CREW!

Drinker Pub

ALL RIGHT, PIPE DOWN!

NO SIR!!!

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!

NO SIR!!

SO ARE WE GONNA LET THREE LITTLE LOSERS MAKE FOOLS OF US!?

BRING OUT THE "WILD ANIMAL SHOW"!

IT'S TIME TO SHOW OUR ENEMIES JUST HOW TERRIFYING WE CAN BE!

IT'S TIME FOR MOHJI'S WILD ANIMAL SHOW!!

...YOU CALLED?

CAPTAIN BUGGY...

OOOOH! IT'S MOHJI!

MOHJI! MOHJI!

MOHJI! MOHJI!

GRRRRR!!

BUGGY'S FIRST MATE MOHJI THE LION TAMER

MOHJI! MOHJI! MOHJI!

TAKE ANY PART YOU WANT!

MAY I TAKE RORONOA ZOLO'S HEAD?

READ THIS WAY

THEY PROBABLY WON'T CATCH UP TO US TOO SOON...

HUF

HUF

PLIP PLIP

WE SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH FROM THAT TAVERN.

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING STUCK INSIDE THIS THING!

KLANG

KRSS KRSS

KLANG

KLANG

BUT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THIS CAGE?

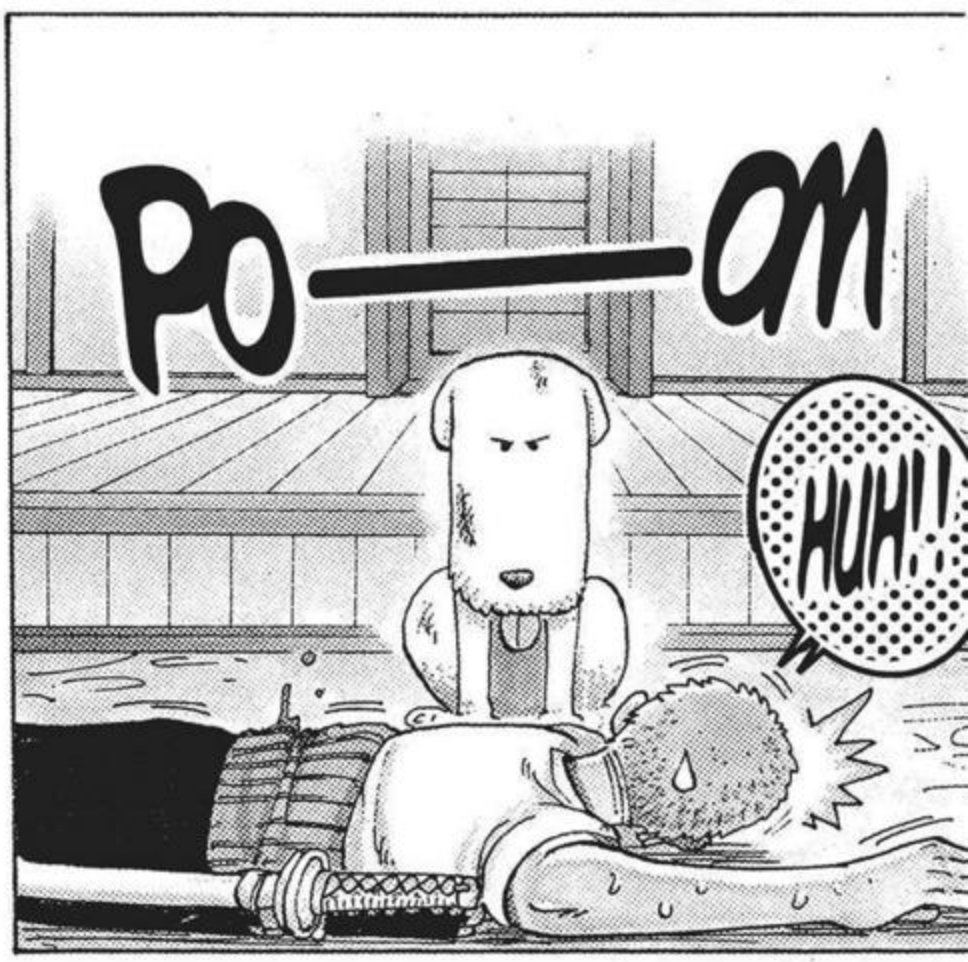
WE GOT AWAY... FOR NOW...

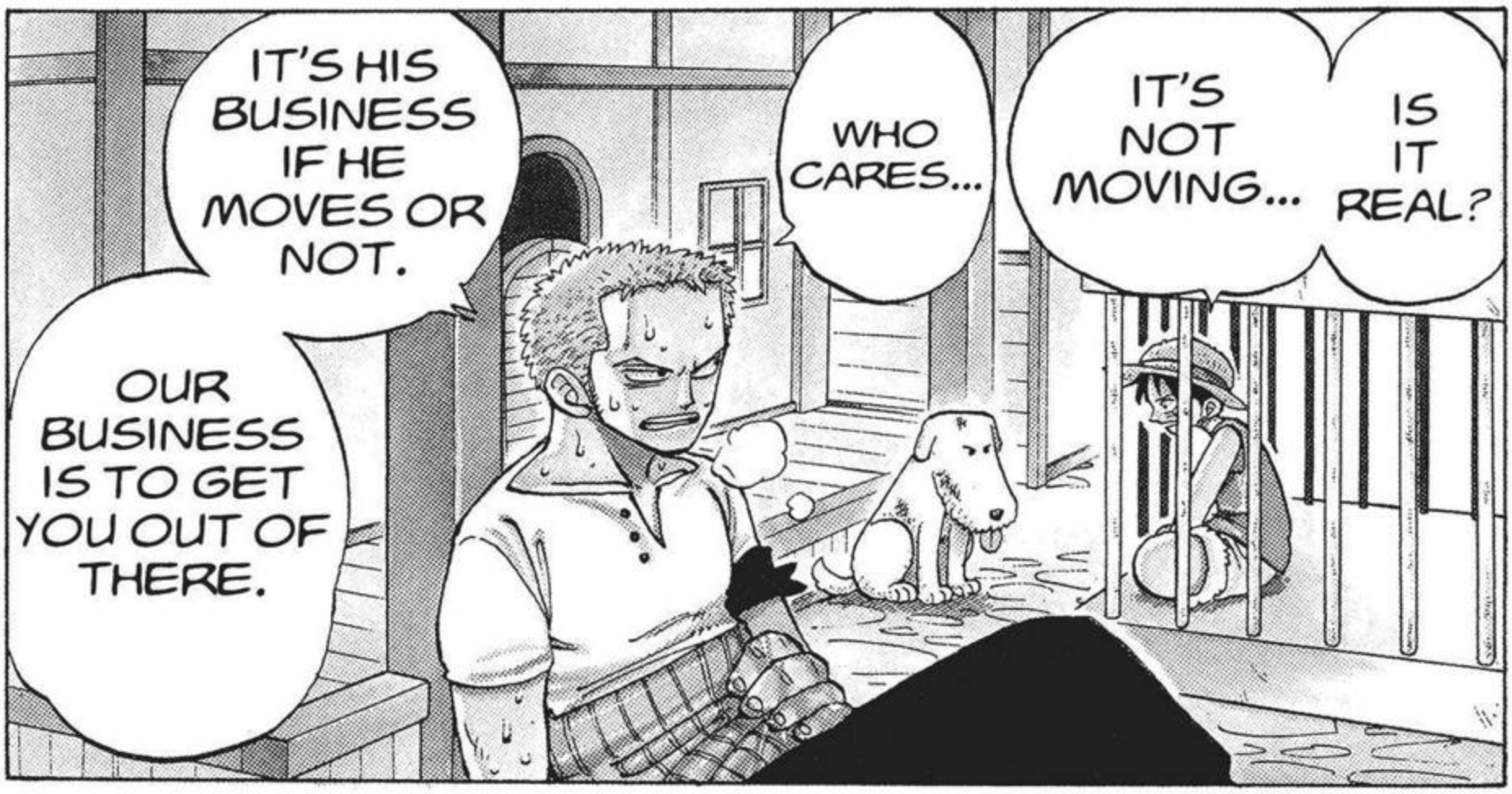
...GOT TO... REST...

FWUMP...!

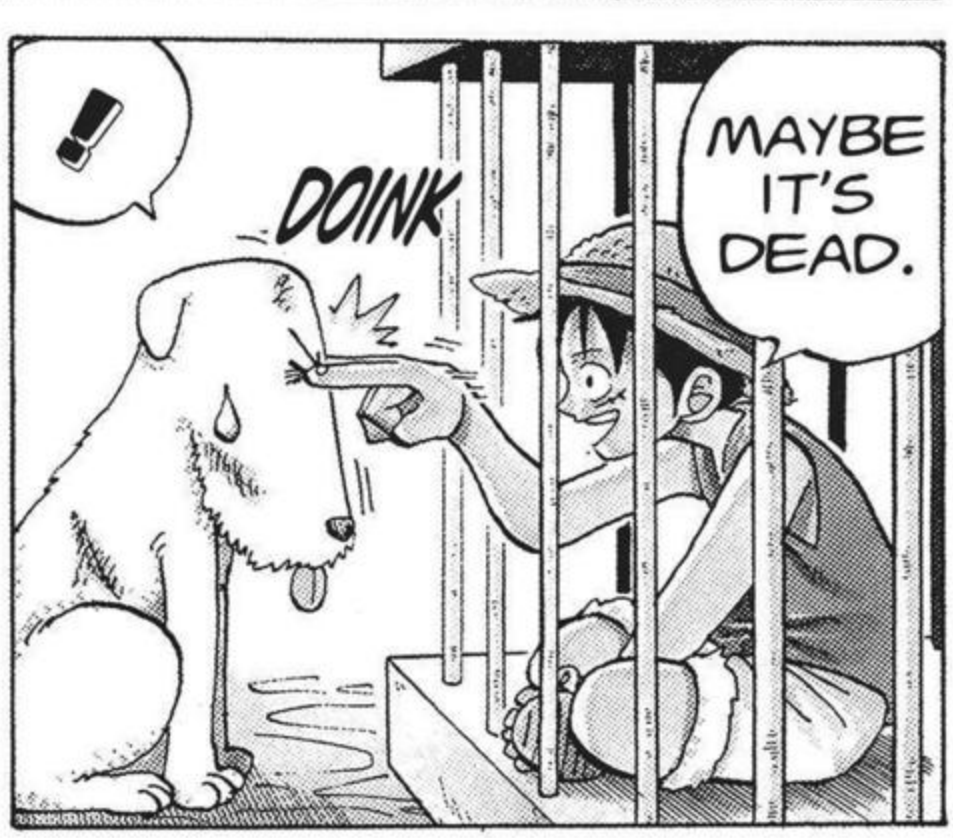
IT'S NO USE... LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD...

ET FOOD
WHAT'S WITH YOU, DOG?
DOG? HEY, A DOG!


PO—OH
HUH!!


IT'S HIS BUSINESS IF HE MOVES OR NOT.
OUR BUSINESS IS TO GET YOU OUT OF THERE.
WHO CARES...
IT'S NOT MOVING...
IS IT REAL?

CHOMP!!
YOW!!


!
DOINK
MAYBE IT'S DEAD.

LUFFY, STOP PLAYING AROUND!

PURI

GRRR ARR CHOMP

KLANG

DUMB DOG! LEMME GO, LEMME GO!!

CHOMP

KLANG

LOST... TOO MUCH BLOOD!

.....

DUMB DOG!

FLUMP...!

FWOP...!

...IS THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET REALLY THE BEST HIDING PLACE YOU COULD COME UP WITH?

LOOK AT YOU TWO. NOT TO CRITICIZE, BUT...

SIGH

THANK US?

I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME...

I NEVER AGREED TO THAT!

HEY! IT'S OUR NAVIGATOR!

YOU STOLE THE KEY TO THE CAGE!

THE KEY!!!

TINK

HEY!

THEN THE RESCUE... WAS A SUCCESS... AFTER ALL!

THIS IS GREAT! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!

I GOT THE STUPID KEY, BUT I LEFT THE MAP AND ALL THE TREASURE.

HMPH.

YEAH, SURE...

ULP

CHONK

HEY...

...!

YIPE YIPE!

DUMB DOG!

KLANG

KLANG

GRRRR

KLOMP...!

THAT'S NOT FOOD!! GIMME THAT KEY!!

SKRNCH

COUGH IT UP!!

DON'T YOU PICK ON POOR OL' CHOU-CHOU!

THOOM

DERN WHIPPER-SNAPPERS!

WHO'RE YOU, OLD TIMER?

CHOUCHOU?

BY

BOODLE MAYOR OF PORT TOWN

I'M THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN...

WHO AM I?

THAT'S WHO!

THAT BOY'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD!

HE'S RESTING. MY HOUSE IS JUST OVER THERE.

FRP

WHERE'D YOU TAKE ZOLO?

SNORR

SNORR

I TOLD 'IM THERE'S A DOCTOR AT THE REFUGEE SHELTER, BUT HE SAID HE JUST NEEDS A LITTLE SLEEP!!

OH! SO HE'S A GUARD DOG!

I JUST CAME TO FEED HIM.

HE'S GUARDING THE SHOP!

WHY'S HE THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN TOWN?

PET FOOD

CHOMP CHOMP

FOR A PET FOOD STORE...

THE DOG'S NAME IS CHOUCHOU?

THAT'S RIGHT.

READ THIS WAY

ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO...

...HE AND CHOUCHOU OPENED THIS LITTLE SHOP.

PETFOOD

OPEN

A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE OWNED THIS STORE.

RUFF!

CHOUCHOU! YOU'RE IN CHARGE WHILE I'M GONE.

DON'T EAT UP ALL THE MERCHAN-DISE, Y'HEAR!?

AND SO DO I...

THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF MEMORIES HERE

ET FOOD

IS HE AT THE REFUGEE SHELTER WITH THE OTHERS?

I'M SURE THIS SHOP MEANS A LOT TO HIS MASTER, BUT THIS IS JUST CRUEL.

PRO-TECTING HIS STORE...

HE'S BEEN FIGHTING THE PIRATES...

SEE THOSE WOUNDS...

NO, HE'S NOT...

HE GOT SICK AND PASSED ON.

!

HE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL THREE MONTHS AGO.

AWRIGHT, CHOUCHOU...

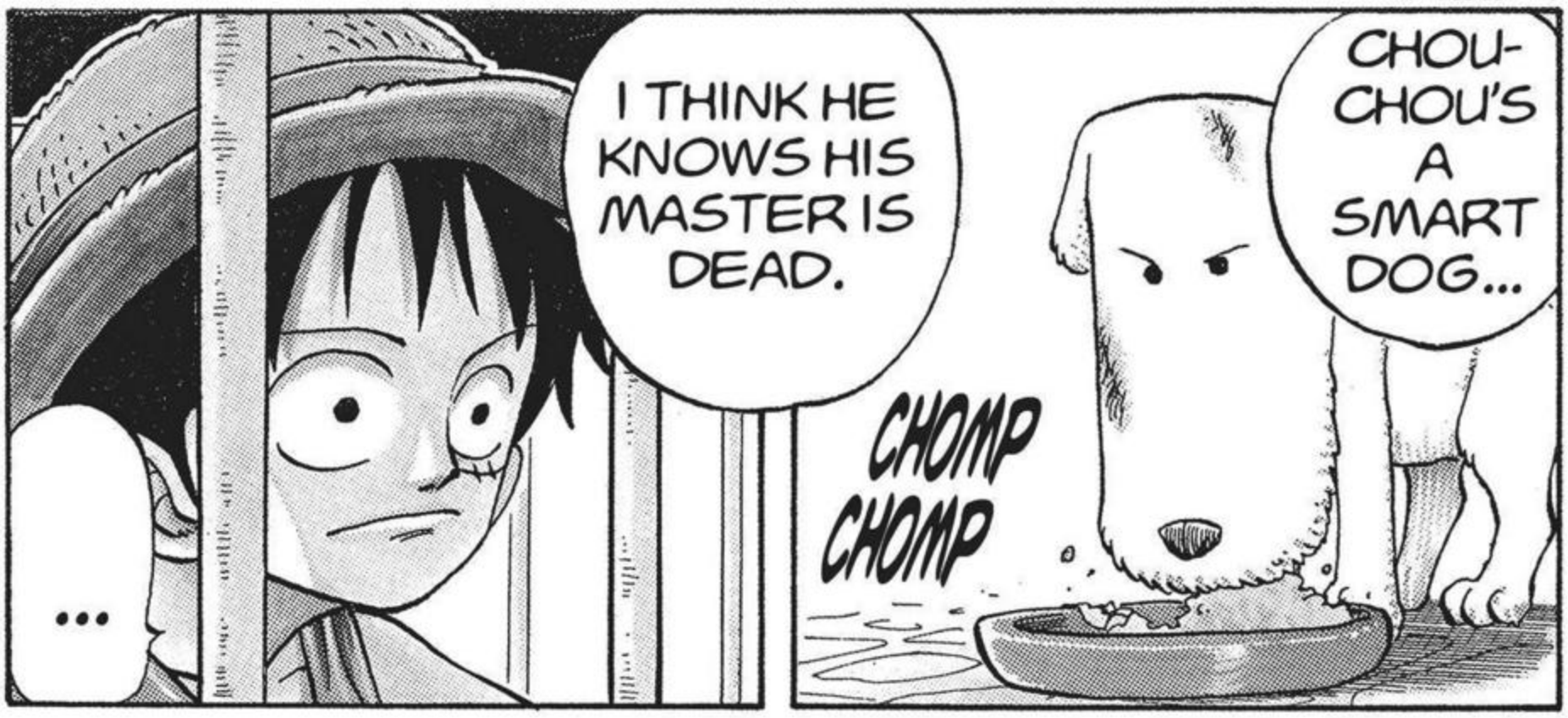
YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE SHOP WHILE I'M IN THE HOSPITAL.

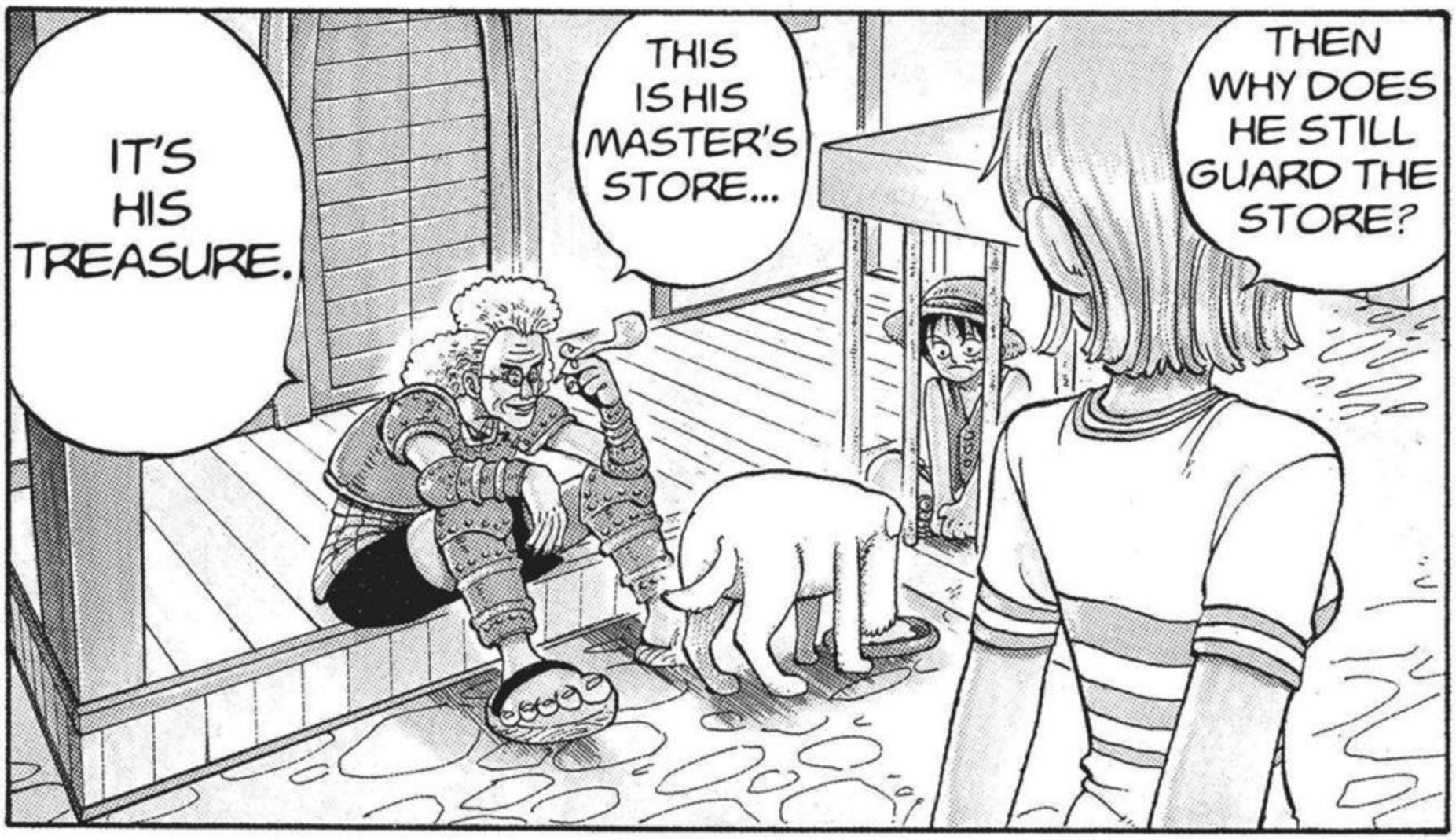
RUFF!

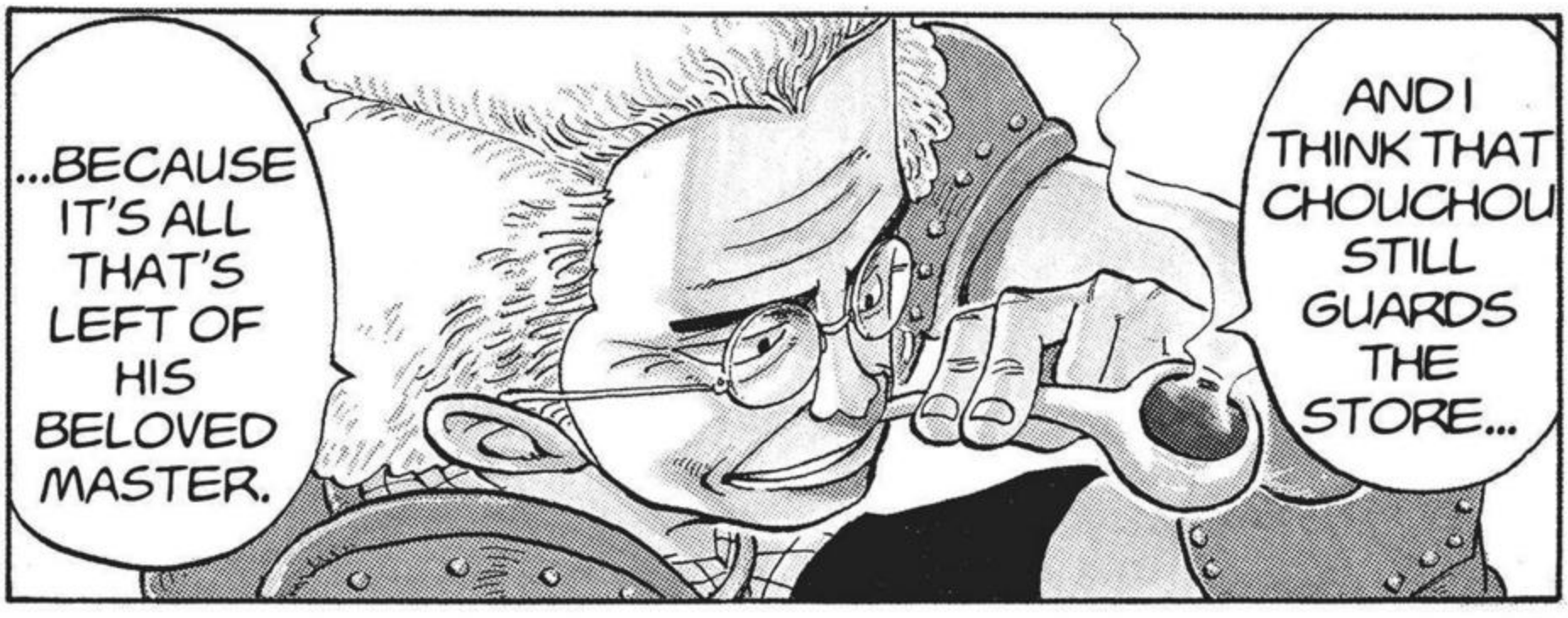
THE POOR THING...

YOU MEAN HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR HIS MASTER THIS WHOLE TIME?

THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS, BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I THINK.


...
I THINK HE KNOWS HIS MASTER IS DEAD.
CHOMP CHOMP
CHOU-CHOU'S A SMART DOG...


IT'S HIS TREASURE.
THIS IS HIS MASTER'S STORE...
THEN WHY DOES HE STILL GUARD THE STORE?


...BECAUSE IT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIS BELOVED MASTER.
AND I THINK THAT CHOUCHOU STILL GUARDS THE STORE...

...

BUT HE WON'T BUDGE FROM THIS SPOT.

HE'D RATHER STARVE TO DEATH THAN LEAVE HIS POST.

LAP LAP

PHEW

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM TO THE SHELTER...

I-IT MUST BE MOHJI, THE LION TAMER!!

WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE ROAR!?

ROWRR

ROOWWRR.....!!!

GASP!!

HUH?!

RUN!!!

TP TP TP TP TP TP

SIGH

WURF!

GIVE ME THAT KEY, DOG!

SOME-THING'S COMING THIS WAY!

DA-DOOM

GRRR...!!

I'M MOHJI, BUGGY'S FIRST MATE. THEY CALL ME THE LION TAMER!

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE...?

AND AFTER ALL THAT EFFORT TO GET YOU THIS FAR...

HA HA HA... LOOKS LIKE YOUR FRIENDS ABAN-DONED YOU.

WHAT!!?

HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE WEIRD COSTUME?

YOU GUYS STIRRED UP A REAL HORNETS' NEST.

KRSS

KRSS

CAPTAIN BUGGY IS PRETTY WORKED UP...

GRRRR...

GRRRR...

SHUT UP!

THAT JUST MAKES IT WEIRDER.

COSTUME!? THIS IS MY HAIR!!!

IF SO, THEN YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM...

MAYBE YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE IN THAT CAGE...

I CAN EVEN CONTROL THAT MUTT.

THERE'S NOT AN ANIMAL ALIVE THAT I CAN'T CONTROL.

IS LUFFY PROVOKING THAT GUY?

IS THAT BOY ADDLE-BRAINED?

TREMB TRE

HA HA! DOG GOT YA!

YOU'RE JUST A NO-BODY THIEF...

YEOW!!

CHOMP!

SHAKE!

NO!

GRR...!!

NOW TELL ME WHERE RORONOA ZOLO IS.

YOU'RE NOTHING TO ME.

CHOINK

GRROWR!

THEN DIE! GET HIM, RICHIE!

KRAK

!!

HOORAY! I'M FREE!

THE CAGE!

!?

WOOSH

THAT BOY'S A GONER!

KRA

GRRR

RI

!!!

C'MON, RICHIE, LET'S GO FIND RORONOA ZOLO.

NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT. WELL, SERVES HIM RIGHT.

KILLING HIM WILL GIVE OUR REPU-TATION A BIG BOOST.

PLMP

HAVE A SNACK, BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

OKAY, FINE...

PET FOOD

GRRR!

SKRUF

I SEE... A PET FOOD STORE.

WHAT'S WRONG...?

SNFF SNFF

HE KNOCKED ME THROUGH THAT HOUSE AND INTO THE STREET BEHIND IT!

PHEW!

WOW! WHAT AN IMPACT!

GRRRR!

GRRR!...

OKAY, NOW I'LL SHOW ALL OF THESE CLOWNS...

...AND MAKE THAT THIEF, NAMI, OUR NAVIGATOR!

CHING

BUT AT LEAST I'M OUT OF THAT CAGE!!

VIKINGS, PART 2

- These guys were really scary. How scary were they? Well, they'd sweep out of an inlet, attack ships or villages, and slaughter everyone, even the local priests. They stole food and anything of value, and when they were done they set fire to everything they didn't want. They were unbelievable villians.

- But from their perspective, they were just trying to make a living. They brought the spoils of their piracy home to better their villages. This was “men’s work.” These people considered a lifetime of pillage and battle to be a good career.

- Some say the word Viking comes from "vik," meaning "creek" or “inlet”—meaning the people who attack from the inlets.